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OETTINO AHEAD OF THE CROWD.

The best feature of the Pennsylvania's raising of wages is the mandatory precedent it sets for other corporations and for proprietors and employers generally. Recognizing the fact that the cost of living has increased from 20 to 25 per cent. without a corresponding increase of wages President Cassatt perceives that wage-earners are morally entitled to a share in their employers' profits and that in the course of events they will soon ask for it. He forestalls their legitimate demands by a handsome concession. "The movement being bound to come the Pennsylvania may as well lead as follow," he says. It has been the Pennsylvania's policy since "Tom" Scott got ahead of Garrett in securing the Philadelphia. Wilmington and Baltimore. Foresight has become one of the traditions of the road's management. It is foresight that is seeking to build the tunnel to the heart of New York and the gigantic terminal there.

The difference between foresight and hindsight is illustrated in the case of the Grand Trunk road, reported this morning to have increased the wages of its engineers and firemen to the extent of from 15 to 25 per cent. The increase was not voluntary. Credit for it is not to be begrudged, but made a few weeks ago it would have given the road prestige among labor everywhere in Canada and insured a larger return of willing service from Its employees. To give quickly is to give twice at such times and in such circumstances, and that is where the Pennsylvania is wiser than the Grand Trunk.

SUBWAY ART EFFECTS.

If Mr. August Belmont has his way the underground art exhibit which the Rapid Transit engineers have planned for the pleasure of the passengers will consist chiefly of pictorial advertisements and posters. The engineers had devised for each station elaborate mural panels of tiling on which local scenes of familiar interest were to be depicted. Mr. Belmont suggests that these will be both too artistic and too expensive for the purpose. In a letter to the Rapid Transit Commission he writes: "I think it both wrong and unjust that the wall treatment should be made almost an interference with our advertising privilege which is both an important source of revenue as well as what we consider a business entertainment for the public who are not given to admiring decorations in stations."

That is to say, at the Fifty-ninth street station, for instance, in place of the contemplated representation of Columbus and his caravels he would give us posters advertising the efficacy of pale pills, colored lithographs of pretty actresses strengthened by the use of Smith's superior malt extract and lifelike representations of rominent statesmen sampling a special brand of whiskey.

These are not without their aesthetic uses; at "L" stations they serve an excellent purpose in relieving a lingy background. But the brand new subway stations should be kept unspotted from the paste pot. Cleanliless must be an essential feature of subway transportaion and billboards and posters will not conduce to cleanlness in stations where shut-in atmospheric conditions revail. They are rather an invitation to dust and nicrobes. They are unsightly and unsanitary and there should be no place for them.

THE DANGERS OF FOOTBALL.

The sad death of Edward Beddington, aged six, killed playing football, is a tragically wid example of a popuar illusion. When people discuss the deadly dangers of football they do not realize that the victims of ninetenths of the serious injuries and of ninety-nine hundredths of the deaths caused by football are young boys whose muscles have not knit, whose bones have not hardened, who have never been taught the rudimentary lesson of falling compactly, but who fall with arms, legs and necks limp and asprawl. Among those football players who have reached a proper age at which to play the e and who have been properly coached and trained there have been practically no deaths, but very few serious injuries and far fewer lasting organic weaknesses than are left by rowing.

If these facts were but generally understood there would be few remarks on the dreadful dangers of the

MORTAL INSULTS.

In the forthcoming issue of The Commoner the late Mr. Bryan insists eloquently on the political demise of the lamented Mr. Hill.

This is indeed what Falstaff called "laughter for a month and a good jest forever." To think of the Nebraska corpse arising from its free silver casket to accuse of death the Wolfert's Roost clay sepulchred beneath its coal plank-it is to laugh! All that remains is for the departed Mr. Hill to proclaim the dissolution of the erstwhile Mr. Bryan, and truly it can be said that their "graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets"

THE DECEIVING OF DEVERY.

Sir Richard Burton in turban and caftan penetrating undiscovered to the heart of Islam, young Landor in the sacred city of Buddhist Thibet, the Princeton professor among the tramps, what did these daring impersonators accomplish by comparison with the feat of the five Columbia boys who invaded Devery's district in disguise, joined his club, gained his confidence and carried their incognito even into the balloting booths as repeaters at a dollar a vote? That was a feat long to be remembered.

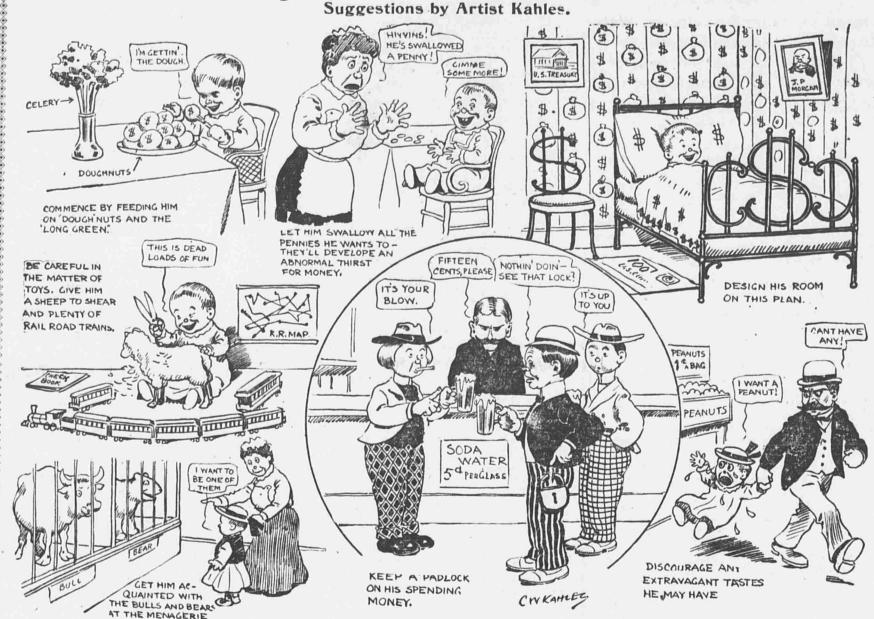
The collegs lads chose their disguise with great discretion, 'low shoes, open-faced socks, hair parted in the middle and diamond scarfpins." Their mastery of the ex-best Chief's dialect speaks well for the teaching of modern languages at Columbia. A slip of the tongue, a drawing-room word where a slang phrase was demanded by local usage and all would have been lost. And there was much to lose. To have been found out and exposed to the big fellow's wrath, to stand up as targets for his invective would have been no light ordeal. But from the time of their first appearance at a political meeting until they had deposited the last of their marked ballots they steered a safe course.

In all seriousness it must be said that the investigation of their charges of corruption at the polls is the most important task now set for the District-Attorney. The revelations dwarf into insignificance all considerations of Sunday liquor selling or police blackmail or pen Tenderloin conditions. They indicate the ce of rottenness where absolute purity should and

ale Breasts Agitated.—One of the delegates to the contion of Women's Clubs yesterday forced her way in at the doorkeeper, calling out as she did so, "If you are geer woman than I am put me out!" Dear, dear! will soon be needing Professional Women's League or for doorhoopers if this keeps on.

THE = EVENING=

How to Bring Up a Boy to Be a Great Financier.



pail of anthracite is to come from, have themselves to blame for the chilly predicament they are in. Had they given their children a course of training in penny-grubbing and money-building the youngsters might have grown up to be Wall street magnates or Pennsylvania mine barons, and now, instead of hanging around coal yards waiting for try the treatment on him and patiently wait for the result. cherished fuel to drop to 10 or 12 cents a bucket, these same mothers might be cavorting

Mothers who are now wrestling with the coal problem, wondering where the next | around in their own red automobiles with more money to burn than they now have kindling wood. To save present-day mothers from the possibility of like sad experiences Artist Manies furnishes several pictorial hints on how to bring up a boy so that he will land with both feet in the great financier class. If you have the boy you might



"I see where a Pennsylvania cow swallowed a diamond ring and died."

hat's too much. "For the cow to swallow the ring?" "No, for me to swallow the story."

ITS ORIGIN.

have a woman for the figure of Justice Mr. H. Peck-Oh, originally some fellow did it for a joke.

TOO MUCH.



He-Great guns! Does she call herself reason?

UP TO DATE.

"You're sure it's pure gold, stranger?" If you find it ain't you can oll it and use it for a fire. So you win either way."

THE ANGEL OF THE BELLS, BY F. DV BOISGOBEY.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A man, calling himself the Marquis of Pancorbo, has thrown he wife from the tower of Notre Dame Cathedral. Their child, Sacha, is rescued by a Baron Meriadec, who, with Daubrac, a doctor; Fabbreguette, an artist, and Rose Verdlere, whom Daubrac loves, decide to track down the murderer. Capt. St. Briac also tries to bring Pancorbo to justice. Pancorbo petallates by trying to arouse against the captain the jealousy of the latter's best friend, Judge Maiverne Pancorbo, by a ruse, induces Mme. de Maiverne to go to St. Briac's house. He then, by an anonymous letter, sends her husband there. But Rose Verdiere, who learns of the plot, arrives in time to warn St. Briac and to help Mme, de Maiverne to escape before her husband reaches the house. SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VI. ff O you have credited this shameful accusation against me, and have come here to verify it!" cried Saint-Briac.

"I must believe the evidence of my own senses," replied the husband, coldly. "A lady entered this house a few moments before I did, and that lady was my wife."

Saint-Briac started violently, for he began to fear that he should not be able to escape from the dangerous position in which Odette's imprudence had placed him.

"You pretend that there is no one in that apartment," went on de Malverne. "Prove it to me by opening that door." "I should have done so long ago if you had not made use of language that will not tolerate."

The two men glared at each other like tigers thirsting for each other's blood, but the door, threatened by one man and defended by the other, suddenly opened, and Rose Verdiere appeared upon the threshold with face uncovered. M. de Malverne recoiled, overcome with astonishment; Saint-Briac, no less amazed, stood silent and motionless. The girl stepped forward, with head haughtily erect, and turning to Odette's

husband said: "It was I, sir, whom you saw approach from the quay and enter this house. I think I perceived you at the other end of the avenue. You referred just now to a veiled lady dressed in black. Don't you recognize me as the same person?" Yes, it seems to me it must have been

you, and yet"---"You still have your doubts, I see. You cannot understand Monsieur de Saint-Briac's persistent denial that there was any lady there. But if he had admitted it you would have insisted upon his naming his visitor or showing her to you, and should have been placed in a very embarrassing position.

Upon the conclusion of this little speech, which would have done honor to a thorough woman of the world, the daughter of the ex-keeper made a rather haughty little bow to M. de Malverne and turned toward the door, first, however, extending her hand to the captain, who imprinted a grateful

Hugh threw his arms around his friend and the captain submitted the embrace he so little deserved. When

ing to us: 'Drop the affair, or I will make you suffer for your interference.' Now he has concocted a new plot, or rather he has perfected the other." Saint-Briac on being left alone threw himself into an armchair and exclaimed,

with a gesture of despair: "Ah, this is too horrible! I loathe myself. I wish that assassin would challenge me to mortal combat and so relive me of the burden of life." Rose Verdiere left the captain's house

THE SURPRISE.



ROSE VERDIER APPEARED ON THE THRESHOLD.

a man takes the first step in the path of deception he must follow it to the "Forgive me," murmured M. de

Malverne. "That infamous letter drove me nearly mad." "Is it possible that you have not

guessed who sent it?" 'I cannot guess, even now." "Have you" forgotten the conversation we had with Pancorbo at the

"That is true," murmured M. de Mal-verne. "I even remember that it had very much the effect of a disguised "And you were quite right," rejoined

the captain. "It was intended as a sort of warning. It was equivalent to say-

with a heavy heart. She did not regret the generous impulse that had prompted her to sacrifice herself, but she scarcely dared to contemplate the possible consequences of her devotion, nor did she know the name of the man she had helped to deceive.

She returned at once to Meriadec's house. He met her near the door. He exclaimed:

'What! mademoiselle, you are here? I was very much afraid I should never see you again."

"Why? Because I did not meet you at the place indicated. I hastened to the garden of the Tulleries, but you had gone."

"To the garden of the Tulleries? Why, I have not been there."

"You certainly wrote me that you were waiting for me there." "It is still another conspiracy," murmured Rose, appalled by this new discovery. "The scoundrel who sent you this forged letter was probably aware that you did not know my handwriting. and so invented this means of getting you away from home."

"But what could have been his ob-

"Look!" cried Rose, suddenly dragging him to the window and pointing to a rope ladder that was swinging from the window of Sacha's room.
"Good heavens!" exclaimed Meriadec, in profound consternation. "The child has run away."
"Say, rather, he has been stolen. Where could he have procured a rope ladder?"

"They rushed to the boy's room.

The child was lying alseep on the right side, with his face turned toward the wall and his left arm over his face. Meriadec whispered to his companion: "Don't wake him; he is sleeping so soundly."

soundly."
"But the ladder?"
"Let us wake him, then."
Rose eagerly acquiesed, Meriadec pulled back the curtains noisily, and called him by name.
Receiving no reply, he leaned over and took hold of the hand that hid his face.

Receiving no reply, he leaned over and took hold of the hand that hid his face.

"He is dead!" sobbed Rose.

"Murdered, rather!" exclaimed Meriadec, letting the boy's head drop back upon the pillow.

It was a pitiful sight. Upon the lad's fair, uncovered throat were two purple marks, imprints of the cruel fingers which had ended his young life almost in an instant. which had ended his young life almost in an instant.
Rose wept silently. Merladec was overcome with consternation.
"Will you tell the Magistrate all you know about the affair?" he inquired of

know about the affair?" he inquired of his protege.

Rose's only reply was a silent nod.

They hurried down stairs, and stopping to pick up Daubrac on the way, hastened toward the Palace of Justice.

Meriadec found Daubrac in the surgeon's room, and after briefly relating the particulars of Sacha's death, invited him to accompany them to the Palace of Justice.

"I have just come from Fabreguette's house," said the doctor, as he prepared to accompany them. "He has not fortune has certainly befallen him."

On their arrival at the Palace s

fortune has certainly befallen him. On their arrival at the Palace sustice Meriadec alighted to make the necessary inquiries, and learned that M. de Malverne had iert his office between 2 and 3 o'clock, and that he had probably returned home.

After another consultation with Daubrac and Rose Verdiere it was unanimously decided that they should go straight to the Faubourg Saint-Honore, where the Magistrate resided, neither member of the party foreseeing in the least the inevitable correquence of the intended visit.

(To Be Continued.)

Few Remarks.

Mostly on the Topics of the Day.

Wall street is giving Gates a new money in his business when he tried to

Poor Constantine Garcia revolves beween Washington and Cuba with buoyancy born of many Revolutions.

Columbia scores higher in local poli ics than in football.

Roosevelt is taking a lot of

hances. "Is there any real difference between the coal supply now and the supply dur

ng the strike?" "Why, of course there is. Almost as such difference as there is between raudeville and a variety show."

"She is very artistic," said the im-ressionable youth. "Yes," answered "She is very artistic," said the in-pressionable youth. "Yes," answered the man with the steely eye, "she is one of the sort of girls who think a bunch of hand-painted daises is much more important on a dinner plate than an omelet."—Washington Star.

"I hear he's an awful liar." "He used to be, but since he's taken to buying drinks for the people that applaud his lies he's become a raconteur.

No sign of the touch of senility Affects Mother Eddy's ability, For she still has the trick (When the law says, "Move quick!")

o side-step with wondrous agility. Why doesn't some one propose an in ernational big game shooting match etween our Strenuous Sportsman and

Germany's Hunter-War Lord? Bill Devery'll now be straining His weird vocabulary The old-time lurid language

In forceful form to vary; To find some fitting words to show his scorn and indignation Couchin' on and appertainin' to a college education

"These new ocean liners are like floatng hotels." "Yes, they even have a bell-buoy t

carry ice-water.'

"I can never marry you," said the beautiful blonde.
"But," pleaded the wealthy old man,

"won't you make my life happy for the short years I will be here? I am trou-bled with a weak and faint heart." "In that case I accept you." And yet they say faint heart never won fair lady.—Chicago News.

Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria has lumbago. If John Jones had it, it lot in power." would be called a backache.

"Von Crook has moved his office from Union Square to Rivington street." "He probably found there was no whales is holding out.

Thus spoke the depraved Esquimaux:

"This civilized food is no Gaux! Give me filet de blubber, With its rich taint of rubber.

Or a ragout of fricasseed Snaux." Now that no one is found blameworthy for the firework horror nor for the Tarrant explosion. New York catastrophes ought to be labelled "An Alibi Furnished with Every Accident."

"These football players are always getting into broils." "Why else would they go on the Gridron?"

"Yes, her beautiful hair is her "long

"Of course it's hirsuit, but I don't think it's so long."

She had been shopping and he was maturally disturbed.

"I hope you didn't spend much money while you were downtown to-dsy," he remarked.

"Not a cent except carfare, George," she answered reassuringly. "I had everything charged."—Chicago Post.

Rud Kipling says our publishers Are "pirating" his books.

If this is so, the crime is not

As heinous as it looks. For now when folks the thoughts of Thanksgiving Day are nourishing seems no more than natural that pierates should be flourishing.

When the Gentleman from Somaliland sees his title variously spelled as "Mullah," "Mollah" and "Moolah," no wonder he is Mad!

"I hear the collaboration company yo and Lazimann formed is broken up." "Yes. He was content to be the "Co and left all the 'laboration to me,"

"New York is to have a metal-pay street. "As a speedway for its mettled hor

A boastful ex-convict from Ga. Said, "My crimes are well worthy a They are: Murder and robbery, Theft, arson and jobbery, And, could I but write, I'd play fa.

"Why don't you make your pup learn the names of the Presidents of the South American republics?" "What's the use? learned half the list, there'd be

Before any more political Jonahs ar brought forward for immersion it migh be well to inquire how the supply of

Letters. œ

THESE are some of the letters received you, and, knowing, how could I in reply to The Evening World's offer loving you? Come to me soon. I le words, \$10 for the next best and \$5 for by mere written words how truly and the third best. They are printed only lovingly I am thine own MILDRED. as examples of the effort of competitors and not as prize winners. The contest will continue until next Saturday and

two after it closes.

to entertain but one thought, one idea, self, and I feel it totally impossible to again. Until then I bid you a fond farelive apart from you. When near I am well. Yours forever, in Paradise. When absent, in torture. This is a true description of the feelings with which my heart is continually agitated. Say one word, and I am the hours just passed with you are still happiest or most miserable of mankind. With me. But three months ago I did Yours till death,

"I Long to Be With You."

few leisure moments, will write to your by swift messenger your lover's last dear sweet self. You do not know how sincere and profound adoration ere you lonely I feel, since you left. I often give him your loving heart forever. Oh, think how happy I would be if you were my dear love! may God bless you and always by my side. Oh, my dear, dar- keep you safe for me till and after our ling boy, my thoughts are ever of you. love vows have been sanctified in His There is not one moment of the day, loving presence. Your loving but I think of you, and long to be with you. Last night when I retired I put your picture under my pillow, thinking I would dream about you, and sure enough I did, and oh, such a sweet dream. When I see you, I will tell you what it was, because it would take too much time to write it. Forever your own and only,

"I Pine for a Smile." My Dear Miss L.: I write to you be cause the burning love which consumes penny," and Wooty will get one, too. my heart must find some expression. In your presence I am dumb, not daring to pour out to you the ardent devotion which consumes me. I fear that oftentimes you have thought me stupid and dull, while I was only intoxicated with your loveliness and listening with eager delight to the music of your matchelss voice. That I love you with all the ardor and devotion of a firsttime love I think you must have seen, but I pine for a smile to bid me hope. a word of encouragement to save me from despair. Will you grant that smile? Will you speak that word? I anxiously await your answer. Ever de-

votedly yours, EDDMUND HAZLETON.

"You Love Me, My Darling." My Dear Bertrand: I have indeed Second se

of \$20 for the best love letter of 100 to tell you, in some better way tha

"I Yearn to Be with You." My Beloved Steve: Sitting here lone

the winners will be announced a day or ly to-night, the moon shining brightly without, beloved, my sweetest thoughts All communications must be addressed are of you, and of that great distance to "Love Letter Editor, Evening World,"
P. O. Box 1354, New York City."

we are now apart. Oh, but how I yearn
to be with you, dear sweetheart—sweetto be with you, dear sweetheart sweet est little husband that will be. I know "When Near, in Paradise."

you wish to be certain, because you love me so well, to know if you are oppressed with a passion that has en-equally loved in return. Believe me, your love is the sweetest thing of my heart. That passion is love. You life; for even in every thought that my heart. That passion is love. I'm unable enters your mind, in every beat of your heart, you are precious to me. Sweetone feeling, and that is always your- heart, soon we will meet, never to part

The Eve of a Wedding.

Dearest and Best Beloved: The sacred hours just passed with you are still E. M. G. not know what bliss earth could contain for me. Now, on the eve of our wedding duy, I contemplate our happiness, My Own Darling Love: As I have a soon to be sealed by love, and send you

REGINALD. From Brother to Two Sisters.

My Dear Little Sisters: Dear little Cassie and Wooty I am away; far, far, away from you. And Oh! how I wish I was home again. But I will only stay here a little while and then I shall come home again and you will see "Jackie" every morning and every night before you go to bed. And Cassie can tell "Jackie" how she loves him for a "black For I love you, my little sisters; I love you; I love you better than all the world.

Washington, D. C., fifteen years old. Alliterative Affection.

My Adored and Angelic May: Accept an ardent and artless amorist's affection, alleviate an anguished admirer's alarms and answer an amorous applicant's avowed ardor. Ah! alliance as agreeable and acceptable. Anxiously awaiting an affectionate an affirmative answer, accept an ardent admirer's aching adieu. ARTHUR.

A Case of Making Up.

My Darling: I just received your letter informing me that I might call this evening, and oh, the joy to know that at last I am to be restored to the only long known that your feelings toward real love that I ever knew. Believe me, me were something more than mere sen-timents of friendship. Your actions had since that accursed night but that I have revealed what your lips had not dared | rued the hasty words that have since to utter, that you loved me, my darling, caused two hearts so much suffering. and me alone. Were you blind you God permitting that I do not awake could have read in my eyes the response to find this a dream, the little god of you sought. Come, dear Bertrand, and love will this evening again reign su-sook into them again, and tell me what preme in your heart and the heart of